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## THE CHRONICLE.

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### A LOVE STORY.

We were at Cham when our delayed mail was received. There was a month old letter from my young nephew, Reginald Travers, containing sad news. My dear old friend, Oswald Hamilton, was dead; his affairs left in a bad way. The arrangement of his papers, straightening of accounts, and settling up of the estate were left in my hands. A second was to the effect that Josepha (the only and motherless daughter of my old friend now about 24 years of age,) had refused him. That he had secured a change into the Tenth, which was soon to be ordered away to fight Zulus, and closed by saying that the best thing I could wish him was a bullet through the head in the first engagement.

My poor Reg! It was his first taste of life's bitter, and it was going down hard. I longed to grasp his hand in sympathy. I cursed the stupidity of mail-carriers, and stormed and 'swore at the hundred and one annoying delays that kept me so long on my homeward journey. However, in two days I was well on my journey.

Soldiers are rough of speech. I began to fashion some soft phrases of sympathy for my old friend's daughter, but gave up in despair, trusting that, as in battle, when the opportunity comes, I should be ready to equal it. And, after all, to such self-reliant natures as Josepha's sympathy held a tone of pity which gave it a distasteful flavor.

A word of myself. An old soldier nearing 50, but hale and hearty, I inherited at my brother's death the pile of stone he called home and his large business interests. A misanthrope, he had shown little taste for the society of his kind. My visits to him were few and brief. I had taken little notice of Josepha until I came to Deerwood as its master. Her name described her. Divinely tall, she had none of the awkwardness peculiar in women of her stature, but her motion was at all times free, suggesting the flight of a sea bird. Better than beauty, her face expressed dignity and character. Her mouth was sensitive and red, although a square jaw and long chin proved somewhat detractive to it.

Her eyes—g'orious! Clearest [illegible] pupils of velvet, set under a [illegible] head. She had a frank, *bon* [illegible] way which played sad havoc [illegible] men's hearts. Whatever their ar[illegible] many of the wisest and wariest [illegible] shrunk, but each and all [illegible]. But we children and my dear lad [illegible] in understanding, based on a childish attachment. Merely a [illegible] like, I cared little for society (though, thank God! never unfeeling or cold to my kind, like my brother). The surrounding country families who would have lionized me on account of [illegible] and decorations met with small encouragement, and but for the [illegible] of my young Lieutenant, [illegible] on one of the wide verandas of Hamilton Place, my time was passed in riding, walking and shooting.

Now I will let you into a secret. I was surprised when I found it out myself. I had fallen in love with Josepha. Preposterous! So I said. At any rate, give me some credit. I never dreamed of telling her, and I went away immediately—traveling with a party of friends.

My old friend I mourned sincerely. Though ten years my senior, we had been friends years and years. He knew I stood ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed; but he was proud to a fault, and though I had begged him to allow my assistance (for I knew he was in sad straits) he would never take a penny.

His reverses were quick and sudden. His indomitable will upheld him in his struggle for a time. When that broke beneath the burden of troubles, which grew heavier day by day, he died.

Dear old friend! "Here lies a man whom pride brought low," I murmured as I stood over his grave.

I had arrived at Deerwood late in the afternoon, and had stopped in the churchyard on my way to Josepha.

The grass waved to and fro. I fancied the one below stirred uneasily.

"Peace," I whispered. "Your name shall be cleared; your daughter guarded well."

Josepha let me in. She staid to fasten the door, and as she came up with me in the corridor she slipped her warm hand into mine, and I held it strongly. My eyes fell on Oswald's picture as we entered the drawing-room. Together we stood looking at it. Then I looked at Josepha, in her long, black gown, her neck rising like a lily stem from its sombreness, as she stood by my side. Bereavement and harassing cares had set their mark on brow and lips, though she held her head still proudly, and her eyes looked into mine unmisted.

If I had loved her in the midst of her happiness and light-heartedness, how much more I loved her now, penniless, with a faint shadow of dishonor on her name, forsaken by the crowds of summer-day friends!

She looked into my face, for my tongue was tied, and then bent her head and kissed my hand.

"My dear," I said, "my dear."

The only safe thing for me to do was to go to the window, and I went. Presently she followed me, and, having myself as thoroughly in hand as an old fighter should by this time, I sat down beside her and we had a long, serious talk.

The long rays of sunlight paled from orange to amber, and gradually faded into the gray of dusk, and as yet we had not spoken of the future. Josepha had her father's own pride and strength of will, and my heart failed me as I mentally marshalled my forces and prepared to advance. First, I meant that she should come home with me.

"Josepha," I began, "this is no place for you;" and then I called myself an old blunderer, who deserved to be well kicked for his unutterable stupidity.

"No, it is my home, my dear old home, no longer. I have looked over the papers which are in this box enough to see plainly that the place will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the creditors. Let me know as soon as you can the full amount of the deficit; I have thought it all out. No, dear Major, I cannot be contented to remain idly at Deerwood, kindly as you mean the offer, while my father's debts remain unpaid. Ah! I am afraid you are angry; but indeed, indeed, I cannot."

She was rock to arguments and persuasions. She was her father's own daughter. After all, her spirit and determination demanded admiration. I gave it grudgingly enough, feeling as if I should enjoy scolding her soundly and then kissing her!

I took the box, and chose to leave her with the impression that I disapproved totally of herself and her determinations.

I sat down to hard work over the papers, and when morning dawned I could talk definitely about the state of affairs.

Well, they were in a very bad way, indeed. I made no effort to mince things to Josepha, who had made me an early call. She gave a little gasp, turned her back on me, and walked straight to the window.

It was a beastly morning; couldn't have been nastier. The rain fell—drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. She could see the gray shaft which marked her father's grave. It was dreadful! The clock ticked on and on.

"Josepha!" (Anything to break this stormy silence).

No reply.

"You are not legally bound to pay these debts. All the law can do is to claim the estate."

Perhaps she heard. She turned her head a trifle.

"I *do* wish you would be more like people. Here I am with more money than I can use. Borrow of me. Your false notions will benefit nobody, and as for your pride I call it foolishness. At any rate, stay here at Deerwood. I will go away willingly if it will be pleasanter in any way for you. Let me, as your father's old friend, advise you."

She came to my chair, and put her hand on my shoulder.

"Did I rate your friendship (and it is very, very dear to me) above the duty I owe to the dead and my conscience, I should prove unworthy of it. Risking the loss of your regard, Major, I must still adhere to my course."

She scratched off two advertisements, handing them to me as she rose.—"Wanted—Position as governess," and "For Sale—Hamilton Place," were the headings. I did my best to obtain her consent to tearing up the first, but all she would say was: "Do not urge me."

How like she was to Oswald, with that square jaw, that clear, firm tone, and imperious pose.

And so (perhaps because of the reminder) I gainsaid her no longer. Governess she should be if she wished, and Josepha went home pleased as any headstrong girl who has her way.

In pursuance of a plan to head her off I sent a telegram to Reg. The idea of her not loving such a fine, manly, true-hearted fellow, the best man ever inside a Lieutenant's uniform. He had only to ask to wed anywhere. He came as soon as he could get leave. They were off in a fortnight.

I told him of Josepha's resolves.

"There is one power that will stop her."

"And that, uncle?"

"Love." Profound sigh from Reg, but no disposition to open his mouth.

"Do you try your luck again! Remember the old rule about two negatives. I have observed the young woman pretty closely, and I think you will succeed. Tell her that in case she consents to make us the happiest of men you are to give up your commission and come into my firm at once. Pshaw, boy! Don't look so dazed. I have intended it all along; only taking time by the forelock, you know. There, you young bear! Would you hug me to death! Go along with you! Tell Josepha when you find her that an eccentric old duffer, who has taken a fancy to the place, offered £25,000 today for it, and that being by long odds more than she can expect to have offered again, I took him up."

"All right, uncle; anything more?"

He was already half way out of the library.

"Tell her—no, never mind."

Reg was by this time beyond hearing.

For an hour I walked up and down my lonely, luxurious drawing-room. Free from the restraint of Reginald's company, the fever rose again in my blood, my pulse beat fast, my step quickened. Then I formed a hundred plans which I thought would aid in crushing down my heart. I would travel; I would trust to time; with seas and years between us I would grow calmer in my feelings. I would come back and find my happiness in Reginald's and hers. I would give them Hamilton place for their wedding-gift, and I imagined myself in after years frolicking on those green terraces with Reggie's oldest or youngest, as the case might be. But the fever rose again, the longing was as strong as it was vain. I was not in the frame of mind to meet my nephew, and as soon as my roan was saddled I sprang to her back and was off—away—I cared not where, so I could ride this madness down.

I came home late. The hardest battle I had ever fought I had won. I had such a grip on myself that, after seeing Bess comfortably stabled and rubbed down, I went to Reggie's room without the least fear of self-betrayal.

But the lad was not there. A note sticking in the mirror-frame attracted my attention. It was addressed to me. It ran, with many a blot and erasure:

"DEAR OLD UNCLE:—It was all a mistake. Josepha never really cared two pins for me. That boy and girl affair wasn't love at all. She told me so before, and I ought to have known better than to go to her twice, but you—there, I can't blame you, uncle. How should you know? She was very kind, if you can call that sort of thing kind, and I daresay I shall get over it. But I'm awfully cut up, and I don't feel as if I could face even you just yet; so I'm off, without waiting for you."

A line or two more so sadly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to "Reg."

Poor lad! Poor lad! He tried hard to be cheery in the farewell letter he sent before he left the shores of Old England, but I saw the heartache between the lines.

In a few days I was called suddenly to London on business, being detained there some little time. When I returned to Deerwood it was to find my erratic young neighbor down. Mrs. Harwood, my estimable house-keeper, had a message for me from Miss Hamilton—"she would write regularly, but I was not to seek her out."

Having delivered the message with a dignified air slightly damaged by the curious, speculative glance with which she regarded me the while, Mrs. Harwood [illegible] stiffly away, giving a vicious little jerk to the door-knob, as much as to say, "Well, there! He might a' said more than 'O, indeed.' Just as if I didn't know she'd gone off a-governessin'! But men is so clus-mouthed."

As I went into the garden for a quiet smoke I heard the housekeeper addressing the housemaid. "Mary, do you run with all your might now and tell cook the Major's back again. Yes, I gave him the message. Surprised? Well, you never know whether 'e is or 'e isn't. But lawk, Mary! think o' tellin' 'im, the Major, not to seek out 'er, which 'as gone to be a governess!"

"An' after 'er packin' off Mr. Reginald, the stuck up piece," said Mary, who had a sweetheart of her own she thought the world of.

The weeks slipped into months, and the months numbered eighteen before I saw Josepha again.

She was ill and wrote for me to come to her. No 6. Beverly Square was the address, and the neighborhood was most aristocratic. No. 6 was an imposing stone house of the mausoleum type. In answer to my ring there appeared an under-sized footman whose gravity of demeanor carried out the funeral idea suggested by the house itself. Untold millions could not have tempted him to smile.

He went off with my card, and by and by Josepha—or her ghost—trailed down the stairs. To give you an idea of how weak she was, let me tell you that there were two tears in her eyes when I took her hands. Josepha, and Josepha reduced to womanly tears. It was difficult to recognize the two.

I saw my chance and took advantage of it. Now, while she was unfit for work, homesick, and needing a change, she must make Durand a visit. Mrs Harwood knew how to make my guests comfortable, and nothing would suit me better.

I listened to no remonstrance, and when she half consented I put an end to the last "but" with a sly hint that she had better improve the present opportunity to visit her old home, for the old gentleman who had bought it intended to dispose of it soon.

I bore Josepha away on the five o'clock train, much to the disgust of my lady, who was losing a governess such as Beverly square should not soon again see.

The quiet and the change did work a wonderful change. Josepha in a fortnight was almost herself again, and queened it over me in her own delightful way.

She began to talk of going back to London again, and one afternoon asked for the keys to the Place.

I had made my plans to head her off, but this time I sent no telegrams. I simply waited until the afternoon sun was low, and then I followed her.

I found her, as I knew I should, before her father's portrait. Her head was thrown back, her face uplifted, her hands clasped behind her.

"Josepha," I said, speaking as naturally as I could—I had a most exasperating lump in my throat—"the wedding for which this house was designed a gift never came off. The old fellow doesn't know what to do with it, and, in fine, says if you will take it back—and—himself into the bargain, he'll be no end obliged."

Her eyes lit up, the loveliest color came to her cheek. I kissed her, for I saw I might. And when the first stars came out we walked together through the fields and our troth was plighted.

Now that the proposition to erect a statue of Wendell Phillips in Boston has been given up in deference to Mrs. Phillips' request, it is interesting to remember what the great orator thought of Boston memorial statuary in general and in particular. The City Hall statue of Quincy he termed "a dancing-master clogged with horse-blankets." Greenough's Franklin was "a dilapidated soul, somewhat weak on his spindle-shanks." Powers' Webster, at the State House, he looked upon as "a mass of ugly iron," and the Everett appeared to him to be pointing out the road to Brighton "with more energy than Everett showed in his lifetime." Horace Mann's effigy, he said, represented him as having "waked up so suddenly that in his hurry he brought half his bed-clothes clinging to his legs and arms," and the Sumner—well, he never fully decided whether it the more resembled "a heavily-moulded prize-fighter" or "an Irish porter in his Sunday clothes."

A German dray-driver, a new hand at the business, was full of trouble on State street Saturday. "Dat berliceman he dell me ton'd drive so fast—you will run over der beobles und gid arresded. Den I drive schlow und easy, und den gums anodder berliceman and says, 'Hans, vy der tyful you not drive more fast und gids oud of der vay of der beobles?' Now, Misther, I yust dells you vat it is—dere's doo much beobles und doo much berliceman, und if tey don'd led me alone to co apout mine pusiness, somepoty will git hurd bretty pat—you yust see if dey ton'd." And Hans told his horse to "gid ub, you olt Bismarck," and drove off to a side street, where there was a beer saloon, to get out of his troubles.—*Chicago Journal.*

### GATH "SCOOPS" 'EM ALL.

**And Creates a Sensation Among the Columbus Correspondents.**

Newspaper correspondents in and about Columbus were thrown into a frenzied state of consternation last night by the announcement that "Gath" had surreptitiously entered the city and was rigging up a system of telegraph wires to let loose a great sensation—ten or fifteen columns of solid nonpareil—upon a terrified and apprehensive world.

A gentleman came in from Richwood and said that a long-haired man with a green gingham umbrella, who had been hanging around that village for a week, terrifying the women and children, had packed his gripsack and come to Columbus with a fierce look of determination in his eye.

Who could this be but the veritable and voracious "Gath?"

A meeting of the correspondents was immediately called to take action upon the remarkable visitation. Jim Boyle, of the *Commercial-Gazette*, presided, and stated the object of the meeting.

"I have got onto the mission of this insstiate monster 'Gath,'" said Mr. Boyle, "and he has a big 'scoop' on us. So far as I am able to see we might as well resign at once, for our various old men will hardly ever forgive us for letting it get away."

"What can it be?" mused Haley, of the Cleveland *Penny Post*. "Has he got any fresh facts about Columbus discovering America?"

"Oh, no; it's a good deal fresher than that," said Charley Bonebrake, of the Springfield *Globe* and Cincinnati *Volksfreund*." "It must be the bottom facts about the crusades, including an interview with Richard C. De Leon—old Dick was a great talker, you know."

"I know what it is," put in Joe Smith, of the *State-Journal*; it is an account of Strongbow capturing Ireland. 'Gath' always had a faculty of getting hold of things of that kind—fresh, and crisp, and newsy."

"My opinion is," remarked Jack Winship, of the Columbus *Times*, "that it is about the Norman conquest and Horso, and those old roosters who used to drink a barrel of ale and eat a whole hog in the way of celebrating the original and unreconstructed Fourth of July."

"I would like to satisfy myself that either of these explanations is the correct one," said Mr. Meeker, of the Toledo *Bee*, "but he always gets into a fresh subject. He is going to give the life and labors of St. Patrick in Ireland."

"'Gath' and I are on pretty good terms," put in Jack Connelly, of the Cleveland *Leader*, "and I have reason to believe that he has got hold of the particulars of Cæsar's invasion of Gaul."

"He has gall enough to tackle any sensation," interposed Mr. Doane, of the Cleveland *Herald*, "and he intends to head us off by giving a full account of the racket between Romulus and Remus, and a bald-headed description of the wolf that brought up these celebrated Roman whelps."

"Don't be misled by your fears and hopes," suggested Fred Snell, of the New York *Times*, "he's got the official report of the battle of the Valley of Ajelon, and the secret of the sun and moon standing still under Gen. Joshua's special order No. 1."

"I can tell you what it is," piped Fisher, of the *Enquirer*: "it's a conflagration—the burning of Troy, Helen, blazes, Ulysses, Ajax, Troilus, Cressida, and no end of things."

"I'll bet anything its about Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar," said Doc Shaffer, of the C. G., at a venture.

"It seems strange"—this from Sam Flickinger, of the *Enquirer*—"that none of you can get onto the real thing. It's about the flood—Capt. Noah's flood—not the little one-horse flood that they had down at Cincinnati. The regular first original flood has never yet been written up as fully as 'Gath' can do it if he sets to work at it."

"I regret," said Charlie Boyle in conclusion, "that you are all so wide of the mark. The fact is, our distinguished enemy, 'Gath,' has got entirely to the rear, and, as paradoxical as it may sound, has headed us off entirely. By some means or other he has got hold of the particulars of the early residence of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. You can all see what a 'scoop' he has in his exclusive possession. No man is better fitted to write it up. No man has more of the old Adam in his nature—he is a man that doesn't care Adam about the feelings of his readers when he has a prolific subject in hand. We might as well surrender. The most of us can get back to the Tower of Babel, but the line is drawn this side of the Garden of Eden."

I can only say in addition that "Gath" can work the matter up here as thoroughly as he could in Asia, and I have no doubt but that he has a personal knowledge of the most of the facts. I have his own statement to the effect that he has been the schoolmate of all the Presidents, Senators, Congressmen, Governors, and Supreme Judges for the last twenty-five years, and, as he is a relative of Adam, he has no doubt in his possession a great many interesting scraps of family history for which the public are pining.—*Cincinnati News-Journal.*

"Pa, am I a colonel?" asked little Annie Wallace the other evening. "Why, no, my daughter. What makes you ask that?" "Why, 'cause Ella Hughes, from Cincinnati, what's visitin' next door, told me yesterday I was a colonel, 'cause I was born in Kentucky." "That, daughter, is Ohio ignorance. I am the only colonel in this family."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

The "counterfeit presentment" of General Hancock is to be found in the Philadelphia Rogues' Gallery, the photograph being that of John Clark, the shoplifter. The likeness to Hancock is startling.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

Mother—Now, Nellie, tell me wh this gentleman is. Nellie—That ain's no gentleman—that's pa.

A Pennsylvania justice has married 2,304 couple, and the conscience stricken wretch now declines a re-election to office.

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach a donkey not to talk.

Says an experienced bachelor: "The best thing to take when you go to kiss a pretty girl—take time. The more you take the better she likes it."

The happy father of twins recently sent the following message to a brother in the West: "Immense joy—we got twin babies to-day—more hereafter."

Clara Morris has recovered from her nervous prostration. She talked a straight two columns (solid minion) to a Detroit *Times* reporter, and now he is nervously prostrated.

What with Mr. Barnum, Mr. Forepaugh and the two white elephants, the current year presents a most gloomy outlook for the adjective department of Webster's Unabridged.

Said a conscientious auctioneer: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no sham about the carpets. They are genuine tapestry carpets. I bought them of old Tapestry himself."

"Music," said Dr. Johnson, "is the least disagreeable of all noises." The learned Doctor did not know everything. He never lived next door to a cornet amateur or a piano-banging young lady.

Perhaps no man was ever more disturbed by a trifle than the reporter who, concerning the appearance of the belle of a town at a picnic, intended to say "she looked au fait," and found the types had it "she looked all feet."

At a church sociable at Goshen, Mo., Miss DeLand has been voted the prettiest woman in the place and Miss Day the next handsomest. The proceedings might have been concluded by singing the hymns, "There's a De Land that is fairer than Day."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The papers are telling of a lawyer who heard "Macbeth" rehearsed, and was struck by the answer of the witches when asked what they were doing: "A deed without a name." "Why, that's void," exclaimed the lawyer, "I'll bust a deed without a name in any court in Christendom."

"Supe, supe," yelled the gallery gods, as a supernumerary appeared between the acts and began jerking up the carpet. The super, an unusually bright specimen, quickly replied: "Well, you do look hungry. Guess the soup societies must be shut up." The calls suddenly subsided.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"This pail I bought of you last week," said a customer to Deacon Gilpin "leaked like sin the first time I put water into it." "You ain't been putting water in that pail, have you?" "Why, yes." "That's what's the matter. If you'd kept flour in that pail you wouldn't had any trouble."—*Marathon Independent.*

A writer on the subject of whales says: "As has already been pointed out, there are many points in the structural organization of the cetacean viscera far more like those of the ungulates than the carnivores." Why would not this be a good subject for our Winter debating societies?—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

We often see in an illustrated journal a splotch of black and white called "A Study." It is thus called because it requires several days' study to determine whether the top or the bottom of the cut has got uppermost, and the conclusion generally reached is that the artist was wrestling with the delirium tremens when he drew the thing.—*Norristown Herald.*

A funny young man asked his love the other day: "What's the difference between me and a female sheep?" and when his love gave it up, the funny young man said: "Why, just the same difference as there is between ewe and me." Unfortunately, his love didn't see the joke, and now the funny man is ventilating his ewemor otherwhere.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"Give me a telephone cigar," said Hon. Thomas Warner, yesterday, as he stepped up to the stand at Pat Murphy's. "What kind of a cigar is that?" inquired the unsuspicious Pat. "One of the kind that you smoke in New York, and they can smell in Brooklyn," was the answer. Hon. Thomas was carried out of New street in an ambulance.—*Wall Street News.*

Dr. Ladelle claims that prussic acid is an antidote for poisoning by strychnine. The enthusiast who undertakes to prove this runs more or less risk. He must first be thoroughly poisoned by strychnine, or else the prussic acid will not affect a cure. In case he has not taken enough strychnine, the prussic acid will act on its own account. The poison has two chances to the enthusiast's one.

The great composer, Felix Mendelssohn, who died in 1847, was the grandson of the celebrated philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. His father, a Berlin banker, who came in between these two famous personages, used to say, "I should like to know who I am. When I was young they used to call me the son of Moses Mendelssohn, and now that I am old I'm only called the father of Felix Mendelssohn.

A woman who invaded West Bend, Wis., and claimed to be the proprietor of the town and the whole country, was declared to be crazy and taken care of by the town officials. This furnishes a precedent for locking up the railroad men who labor under the delusion that they own the earth.—*Boston Globe.*

A pretty good-sized fish story comes from New Hampshire. A man of East Tilton has been fishing 258 times in the last thirteen years, and has secured in that time 330 pounds of fish.

# THE CHRONICLE.

BRIDGEPORT, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

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California ought to make a good deal of money out of her wine plantations if the ravages caused by the phylloxera are going to continue in France, says the New York Sun. The reduction of value of the wine-growing districts of Malaga is estimated at $1,250,000. In Portugal the disease is so bad that a suspension of the production of wine is feared. It amounted in former years to $22,000,000. In France the total loss is so great that M. Lalande said in the Senate that France had lost as much by the phylloxera as by the payment of the German indemnity, and that was $1,000,000,000.

GARFIELD'S STATUE.—The bronze statue of Garfield, to be placed upon the monument in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is on exhibition at Hamburg. It is a heroic-sized figure ten feet high. It represents the late President standing, with head uncovered and clothed in ordinary civilian dress. On the sides of the pedestal are figures representing war trophies and the American eagle. The front face of the pedestal bears in large raised letters the name "Garfield." The statue will soon be shipped to San Francisco.

There are in the United States 11 St. Pauls, 20 Bridgeports, 18 Buffaloes and Newarks, 17 Brooklyns, Clevelands and Rochesters, 16 Hartfords, 15 Louisvilles, 13 Bostons and Pittsburgs, 8 Cincinnatis and Philadelphias, 6 Chicagoes, 7 Detroits, 5 Milwaukees and St. Louises, 32 Washingtons, and 4 New Yorks and Baltimores, and 3 Sacramentos. New Orleans and San Francisco are not duplicated.

AGAINST PUBLIC POLICY.—The Supreme Court has affirmed the decision of one of the Superior Courts of San Francisco that it is against public policy to assign salary demand in advance of the salary being earned. It appears that several of the deputies of the County Clerk of San Francisco assigned their salary demands to him in advance, and the Auditor refused to draw the warrants.

The collection of the State Mining Bureau is not to be sent to the New Orleans Exposition. The large cube which represents the annual product of gold of California, and the smaller block, representing a gold brick, will be duplicated and the duplicates sent to the exhibition.

Last week 864 immigrants arrived overland. On October 9th 64 French immigrants left Bordeaux for California, where they will purchase farms. Sixteen girls are of the party who will go out to service. A large number of Mennonites are coming to this State and locating near Red Bluff.

It is reported at Portland that the Central Pacific Company proposes to run a line of steamers between San Francisco and Portland, if the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and the Oregon Short Line receive through freight over their lines for San Francisco.

It is announced in London that Lieut. Greely is going to England to publish his book. Of course, the book will be republished here, and he will not realize a dollar from it in this country.

A well-to-do Stonetown, Penn., farmer, named Stoneback; committed suicide on 24th of October rather than pay his taxes, the Tax Collector being at the time in the house waiting for the money.

Henry Kimball, of Bartling & Kimball, bookbinders, and one of the oldest residents of San Francisco, died suddenly in that city on Saturday last, aged 60 years.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the time of service of a cadet at West Point must be counted as spent in the army in computing his longevity pay.

In Boston the Apple Mission annually distributes hundreds of barrels of apples to the poor.

De Lesseps denies that he is intriguing to obtain the cession of the State of Panama to France.

It has been proposed to furnish the railroads with steel cars for grain. With less wear and tear more grain can be carried.

Miss Peabody, a native of Armenia, has been commissioned to labor among the Armenian Colony in Fresno county.

During the last year 800,000 pupils were taught in the Methodist Schools for Freedmen.

An expedition to the South Pole is being organized by Prof. Nordenskjold.

The widow of Admiral Farragut died in New York on October 31st, aged 61.

It is expected the Pintes and Washoes, of Nevada, are about to fight each other.

There are 1,150 prisoners in the San Quentin State Prison.

The public debt was last month reduced $8,250,000.

## THE ELECTION.

The issue of the National contest is in doubt, the Butler and St. John vote being a stumbling block to the Republicans. It hinges upon Indiana and New York, both parties claiming them, the vote being so close that the official returns are awaited.

## NEW TO-DAY.

### NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

THE DUPLICATE ASSESSMENT ROLL OF Mono County for the year 1884-5 has this day been placed in my hands, and public notice is hereby given that all taxes unpaid on or prior to

MONDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1884

will become delinquent and Five Per cent. added thereto.

I will be at the following places at the times herein specified to receive payment of taxes,

Coleville.....December 8
Clinton.....December 10
Lundy.....December 12 and 13
Benton.....December 16
Bodie.....December 22, 23 and 24, 1884

Payments can be made at the office of the Tax Collector, at Court House, in Bridgeport, at any time.

C. F. McKINNEY, Tax Collector.
October 27, 1884. ns-td

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, OF THE County of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Samuel C. Perkins, Deceased.

Order appointing time and place for hearing application to sell real property, and directing Notice to be given.

On reading and filing the petition of Jacob A. Perkins, Administrator of the Estate of Samuel C. Perkins, deceased, praying for an order to sell all the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in said estate appear before the Judge of the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, at the Court Room of said Court, at the Town of Bridgeport in said Mono County, on the 8th day of December, 1884, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why such order should not be made.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published in the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION, a newspaper published in said Mono County, at least 28 days previous to said 8th day of December, 1884.

Dated November 6th 1884.

R. M. BRIGGS,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Attest: A true copy.
BEN. H. MILLER, Clerk.
n8-td

## HOTELS.

### BARNETT'S HOTEL,

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 51 from Bodie).

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor.

The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated.

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. jc5-tf

### HOT SPRINGS' HOTEL,

SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS,

(65 miles from Sonora and 80 from Bodie),

MONO COUNTY, CAL

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS

are unsurpassed, speedy relief being effected.

The table is supplied with the luxuries of the season.

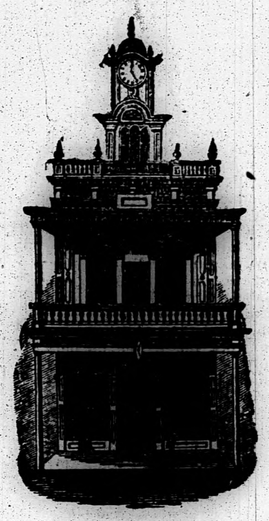
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River.
Commodious Stabling. my22-tf

## WATCHES & JEWELRY.

### WACHHORST'S

JEWELRY STORE
AND
TOWN CLOCK,
SACRAMENTO.



JEWELRY
—AND—
SILVERWARE,

79 J Street, between Third and Fourth,

SACRAMENTO

THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF GOODS AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Every article of Jewelry bought in this establishment warranted strictly as represented.

Watches, Jewelry and Clocks Repaired

BY THE BEST WORKMEN.

All orders from the country promptly attended to. d18-tf

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders.
CAMS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

### BODIE HOUSE,

Corner of Main, Green and Mills Sts

(Opposite U. S. Stage Office),

Bodie, Cal.

O. H. HILL.....Proprietor

THIS POPULAR HOTEL WILL UNDER the above management offer unsurpassed advantages to

The Traveling Public

As well as to regular and permanent boarders. The choicest

Wines, Liquors, Etc.,

will always be found at the BAR.

## LEGAL.

### SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE County of Mono, State of California.

CHRISTY CAMPBELL, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, of the said County of Mono, State of California, and the complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said County.

N. SODERBERG, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California greeting to William Campbell, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days, exclusive of the day of service, after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between this plaintiff and said defendant on the ground of wilful desertion of this plaintiff by you, and of your failure to provide for this plaintiff and for her and your children the common necessaries of life, having the ability so to do; for the custody of the minor children the issue of the marriage between this plaintiff and you, namely: Annie Estella, aged about 10 years; Margareth Isabella, aged about 7 years; and Malcolm Alexander, aged about 9 years; for costs and for general relief.

All of which will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file herein, a copy of which accompanies a copy of this summons and is served herewith, and to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the said County of Mono, State of California, this 28th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

[L S] BEN. H. MILLER, Clerk.
o25-2m By A. C. McKINNON, Deputy Clerk.

### Alias SUMMONS.

IN JUSTICE'S COURT, ANTELOPE TOWNship, County of Mono, State of California.

D. M. BARNETT, Plaintiff, vs. W. H. CHESSALL, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to W. H. Chessall, Defendant.

You are required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the Justice's Court of Antelope Township, County of Mono, and State of California, and to answer before the Justice at his office in said Township, the complaint filed therein, within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within the Township in which this action is brought; or, if served out of said Township, but in said county, within ten days; otherwise within twenty days.

The said action is brought to recover of you the sum of One hundred 25-100 dollars alleged to be due by you to plaintiff for board and lodging, horsefeed and money loaned, and cigars furnished by plaintiff to you at your request between the 29th day of Sept., 1883, and the 15th day of April, 1884, and payable at Antelope Township, Mono County, California, as per complaint on file in my office.

You are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as above required, said plaintiff will take judgment against you for said sum of One Hundred 25-100 dollars and for costs of suit.

Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 17th day of Sept., A. D., 1884. J. H. JOB,
Justice of the Peace of Antelope Township.
N. SODERBERG, Attorney for Plaintiff.
[s20-5w]

### Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF PETER DENERO, DECEASED

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Peter Denero, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office in Bodie, in the County of Mono, Cal.

Dated at Bridgeport, Sept. 16, 1884.

WM. H. ROGERS, M. D., Administrator of the Estate of Peter Denero, deceased. s20

### J. L. GREELEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal,

Will practice in all the Courts in California and Nevada, and in U. S. Land Office. 6-tf

## TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES
TO EASTERN AND EUROPEAN CITIES
VIA the Great Trans-continental all-rail routes

CENTRAL PACIFIC R R.
OR
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Daily Express and Emigrant Trains make prompt connections with the several Railway Lines in the East

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New York and New Orleans
with the several Steamer Lines to
ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
attached to Overland Express Trains.

THIRD-CLASS SLEEPING CARS
are run daily with Overland Emigrant Trains
No additional charge for Berths in Third-class Cars.

Tickets sold, Sleeping-car Berths secured and other information given upon application at the Company's Offices, where passengers calling in person can secure choice of routes, etc. etc

RAILROAD LANDS
IN
Nevada, California and Texas,
FOR SALE ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Apply to, or address

W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R. Co., San Francisco.
JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R. Co., San Francisco.

OR

H. B. ANDREWS, Land Commissioner G. H. & S. A. Ry. Co., San Antonio, Texas.

A. N. TOWNE, General Manager.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FAIRFIELD'S

BODIE and BRIDGEPORT
STAGE LINE,
Carrying the U. S. Mail and Wells, Fargo & Co's Express.

Leaves Bodie every morning at 6.30 and Bridgeport at 1 P. M., arriving in Bodie at 5 o'clock.

OFFICES—Bodie, Barney Clark's Wine Room Bridgeport, Leavitt's Hotel.

e24-tf WM. H. FAIRFIELD, Proprietor.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LIQUIDATION SALE.

FROM AND AFTER THIS DATE I WILL sell ALL GOODS NOW IN THE STORE AT BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

AT or BELOW COST for CASH,

As the Business MUST be closed by January 1st, 1885.

All persons indebted to me at said store are requested to settle the same on or before Dec. 1st.

All sales from this date must be for cash without deviation.

F. F. HARADON,
s20-t. Per A. F. LEVANT, Agent.

A. C. RAYMOND,

DEALER IN

HARNESS, SADDLERY, Saddlery Hardware, Blankets, Robes and Carriage Trimmings.

MAIN STREET, BODIE.

All kinds of repairing. mh1-tf

## HOTELS.

### OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

Main Street,

BODIE, ..... CAL.

N. W. BOYD, .....Proprietor.

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE CONDUCTed as first-class in all its departments.

The Table Cannot Be Excelled.

The Rooms are First-Class, Being Heated and Kept Scrupulously Clean.

Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accommodations.

THE

CHRONICLE-UNION

IS THE PIONEER,

AND LEADING PAPER OF

MONO COUNTY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### D. HAYS & BRO

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Consisting of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

Provisions

Wines and Liquors.

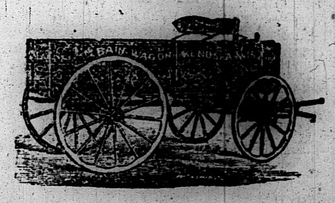
CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass,

BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Agents for



### STORY & CLARK

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE

ORGANS!

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GOOD RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED
In every County in the United States not already occupied.

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EXPOSITION
New Orleans.
Opening December 1, 1884; Closing May 31, 1885.
—UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE—
United States Government.

$1,300,000,
Appropriated by the General Government.

$500,000,
Contributed by the Citizens of New Orleans.

$200,000,
Appropriated by Mexico.

$100,000,
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Appropriated by the City of New Orleans.

From $5000 to $25,000,
Appropriated by Innumerable States, Cities and Foreign Countries.

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APPLICATIONS FOR EXHIBITS ALREADY RECEIVED COVER MORE SPACE AND A GREATER VARIETY OF SUBJECTS THAN THOSE OF ANY EXPOSITION EVER HELD.

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IN

THIS PAPER.

Type Metal

FOR SALE,

IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT,

AT THIS OFFICE.

D. HAYS & BRO. Agents,
Bridgeport, Mono County, California.

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. d15-1y

P. G. HUGHES,

Blacksmith and Wagon Maker

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HORSE AND OX SHOEING,

AND GENERAL JOBBING

DO YOU KNOW
THAT
Lorillard's Climax
PLUG TOBACCO
With Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing; Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest in quality considered. mh8-1y

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

CHRONICLE-UNION.

TYPE METAL

For sale at this office.

# THE UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.


## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

HIS CAREER.—John Wilson, the robber in our jail awaiting trial, is an individual worthy of being closely looked after, according to the Homer Index, which says that his real name is John Baldwin, and who was brought up in El Dorado county, and has gone under the names of Wilson, Tinker, Tex, Kellet, McLenan and perhaps a dozen others, and who has hailed from Texas, Canada, and other countries, and who has claimed to be Irish, Scotch, American, Mexican and Indian; who ten or twelve years ago killed a man named Chatovich at Montezuma, Nevada, and made his escape; who killed Jim Donovan, at Jefferson Canyon, Nevada, and escaped punishment; who kept a rendezvous for robbers near Candelaria, Nevada; who was believed to be the highwayman who robbed the Aurora brewer; who robbed Sam. Fannon's cellar, and one of those who robbed Travis' teamsters near Candelaria. Nev. who is known to have been on intimate terms with Charley Jardine for years, and the associate of Hank Rogers and Jesse Pearson, the Esmeralda stage robbers, and believed to have been engaged with Rogers in robbing the Yosemite and Madera stage some eighteen months ago; who was the same "Tex" who about two years ago robbed a store at Silver Peak, Nev. in company with Rockwell and Benders, who were killed in the pursuit, Tex escaping; who has an indictment hanging over his head in Fresno county for cattle stealing under the name of Frank Kellett, with Jim Jardine as associate, and Charley Jardine strongly suspected; who recently stole Mike King's horse from the Summers ranch, a valuable horse from Stewart Kirkwood, of Bridgeport, a horse from George Troy, of Lundy, a horse and two mules from John Raymond in Long Valley, a fine horse and valuable saddle from W. C. Priest. at Bennettville, six head of cattle from a drover near Casa Diablo, stopped the Bodie and Lundy stage, captured and detained a Chinawoman for eight days, robbing her of $260 60, for which he is now incarcerated in our jail awaiting trial. It is thought the trial of this fellow and his companions, Lee and Jardine, will cost the taxpayers of this county not less than $10,000, and entailing a heavier than a $3 90 tax next year.

"MUDDY."—The late election campaign in this county for local officers was the dirtiest our people ever passed through. The "mud" throwing was indulged in promiscuously on election day and the day before, but too late to prevent it proving a boomerang and injuring the projectors more than its intended victims, as every one at whom mud was thrown was elected, many by a handsome majority. The CHRONICLE-UNION could have smirched the characters of candidates had it felt so disposed, but no public interest would have been subserved by it, but one of our Democratic cotems. was ready to enter upon such dirty work against Republican candidates and add to the unenviable reputation it had already acquired in this county. The Lundy Ginn mill is worthy of the "cake" for dirty political work.

ELECTED.—The following is the result of the election in Mono county: Assembly, R. J. Van Voorhies, Rep.; Superior Judge, R. M. Briggs, R.; Sheriff, C. F. McKinney, Dem.; County Clerk, Ben. H. Miller, D.; Auditor, John M. Massey, D.; Recorder, O. H. Kister, R.; Tax Collector, R. G. Montrose, R.; District Attorney, H. M. Eddy, R.; Treasurer, Z. B. Tinkum, D.; Public Administrator, B. T. Brown, R.; Coroner, O. F. Strobridge, R; Surveyor, S. P. McKnight, R.. Supervisors, Harvey Boone, R.; Wm. Davison, R.; L. Goodnow R.; A. F. Hector, R., Geo. Watterson, R.

CONSISTENT.—The miners in Bodie are down on the attorney of the Noonday miners for filing a joint lien on the Noonday mines. On Tuesday they made a dead set at Judge Briggs and voted solid against him on account of his decision on the Noonday cases. If the attorney was wrong, Judge Briggs was right; if the attorney was right, the Judge was wrong. And yet both are denounced. The Judge was re-elected and is safely anchored for the next six years.

INDORSED.—The re-election of Democratic Tinkum for Treasurer, and every precinct giving him a majority, are gratifying evidences that, in advocating his re-election, the Republican CHRONICLE-UNION was a reflex of public sentiment. Z. B. Tinkum vote was 340 ahead of his ticket.

THE DEAD.—After the battle on Tuesday the dead footed up as follows: Regular Democrats, 13; Republicans, 4; Independent Democrats, 2; Republicans, 2; total Democrats, 15; Republicans, 6.

SUPERVISORS.—The Republicans have the County Government by electing a solid Republican Board of Supervisors—Boone, Davison, Goodnow, Hector and Watterson.

HELD TO BAIL.—Ernest Marks has been held to bail, $3,000, for assault to kill. N. Baule, Louis Lewis and M. Cody went on the bond.

WILL CANVASS.—On Monday the Board of Supervisors will canvass the election returns.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Bradshaw will hold services in the School House at 11 o'clock to-morrow week.

QUIET.—The election in this county was conducted quietly, and good nature prevailed.

## COUNTY ELECTION RETURNS.

### ANTELOPE.

Blaine 36, Cleveland 27, Prohibition 9; Congress—Markham, R., 36, Del Valle, D. 36; Assembly—Van Voorhies, R., 49; Deal, D., 23; Superior Judge—Briggs, R., 37, Hakes, D., 35; Sheriff—Loose, R., 38, McKinney, D., 34; Clerk—Pearson, R., 29, Miller, D., 43; Auditor—McKinnon, R., 30 Massey, D., 42; Recorder—Kister, R., 37, Stowe, D., 34, Welch, I., 1; Tax Collector—Montrose, R., 33, Peeler, D., 39; District Attorney—Eddy, R., 44, Schuman, D. 28; Treasurer—Elliott, R., 30, Tinkum, D. 42; Public Administrator—Brown, R., 44, Baule, 28; Coroner—Strobridge, R., 32, Barnes, D., 40; Surveyor—McKnight, R., 42; Thompson, D., 30; Supervisor—Goodnow, R., 41, Barnett, D., 26.

### BENTON.

Blaine 49, Cleveland 30; Markham 40, Del Valle 34; Van Voorhies 40, Deal 40; Briggs 41, Hakes 34, Loose 46, McKinney 32; Pearson 13, Miller 66; McKinnon 53, Massey 26. Kister 27, Stowe 36, Welch 14; Montrose 23, Peeler 56; Eddy 47, Schuman 25; Elliott 6, Tinkum 72; Brown 33, Baule 46; Strowbridge 42, Barnes 37; McKnight 28, Thompson 51. George Watterson was elected Supervisor, 69.

### BODIE EAST.

Blaine 171, Cleveland 118, Greenback 5; Markham 168, Del Valle 125; Van Voorhies 188, Deal 105; Briggs 113, Hakes 179; Loose 109, McKinney 149; Pearson 140, Miller 151; McKinnon 130, Massey 163; Kister 121, Stowe 69; Montrose 156, Peeler 102; Eddy 137, Schuman 136; Elliott 142, Tinkum 151. Brown 159, Baule 133; Strowbridge 143, Barnes 148; McKnight 167, Thompson 125; Supervisor. Davison 141, Goodson 101; Justices of the Peace, Christin 147, Lowe 188, Pattie 120, Owens 122; Constables, Morgan 186, Curran 160, Todhunter 108, Read 126.

Independent: Welch, Recorder, 101; McInness, Tax Collector, 31; Murphy, District Attorney, 18; Leggan, Sheriff, 32.

### BODIE WEST.

Blaine 144, Cleveland 99; Markham 144, Del Valle 101; Van Voorhies 154, Deal 93; Briggs 96, Hakes 151; Loose 115, McKinney 104; Pearson 133, Miller 112; McKinnon 114, Massey 132; Kister, 93 Stowe 66; Montrose 136, Peeler 102; Eddy 117. Schuman 114; Elliott 122, Tinkum 125; Brown 128, Baule 119; Strobridge 124, Barnes 122; McKnight 137, Thompson 106; Supervisor, Boone 108, Wallace 103; Justices, Christin 126, Lowe 160, Pattie 95, Owens 98; Constables, Morgan 162, Curran 149, Todhunter 84, Read 91.

Independent and Scattering: Leggan 27, Welch 86, McInnis 8, Murphy 15; scattering 3.

### BRIDGEPORT.

Blaine 75, Cleveland 35; Markham 75, Del Valle 33; Van Voorhies 76, Deal 34; Briggs 77, Hakes 31; Loose 30, McKinney, 80; Pearson 47, Miller 62; McKinnon 61, Massey 45; Kister 24, Stowe 25, Welch 60; Montrose 39, Peeler 71; Eddy 31, Schuman 22, Murphy 54; Elliott 42, Tinkum 68; Brown 87, Baule 23; Strowbridge 69, Barnes 40; McKnight 53, Thompson 56; Supervisor, Simnamon 57, Severe 45; Justice of the Peace Whitman 51, Hanson 45, Anton 6. Constable, Gurney 64, Meacham 50, McNaughton 22.

### CLINTON.

Blaine 41, Cleveland 26; Markham 40 Del Valle 27; Van Voorhies 41, Deal 29, Briggs 56, Hakes 13; Loose 22, McKinney 45; Pearson 20, Miller 46; McKinnon 27; Massey 45; Kister 19, Stowe 15, Welch 36; Montrose 22, Peeler 45; Eddy 26, Schuman 8, Murphy 24; Elliott 23, Tinkum 46; Brown —, Baule —; Strobridge, —, Barnes —; McKnight —, Thompson —; Goodnow —. Barnett —.

### LUNDY.

Blaine 58, Cleveland 21; Markham 58, Del Valle 22; Van Voorhies 57, Deal 23; Briggs 62, Hakes 18; Loosa 22, McKinney 48; Pearson 25, Miller 55; McKinnon 53, Massey 27; Kister 45, Stowe 16, Welch 18; Montrose 77, Peeler 3; Eddy 51, Schuman 21, Murphy —; Elliott 31, Tinkum 49; Brown 53, Baule 26; Strobridge 27; Barnes 53; McKnight 41, Thompson 39: Hector 55, Severe 12; Leggan 10.

### LAKE CANYON.

### MONO MILLS.

Democratic, 4.

### MAMMOTH.

Reported Democratic, 5.

### VERNON.

Blaine 20, Clevaland 18; Markham 20, Del Valle 18; Van Voorhies 25, Deal 14; Briggs 30, Hakes 8; Loose 11, McKinney 27; Pearson 13, Miller 25; McKinnon 20, Massey 18; Kister 8, Stowe 18, Welch 12; Eddy 21, Schuman 3, Murphy 14; Montrose 36, Peeler 2. Elliott —, Tinkum —; Brown —, Baule —; Strobridge —, Barnes —.

MORTGAGES.—There were 1 mortgage recorded and 1 canceled in the office of the County Recorder during the month of October.

DEEDS.—There were 26 deeds—5 real estate and 21 mining, recorded in the office of the County Recorder during the month of October.

R. J. Van Voorhies, the leading Druggist of Bodie, having purchased the stock of A. B. Stewart & Bro., has the largest and most complete stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet and Fancy Articles, and Paints, Oils, etc., in Bodie.

Charles H. Kelley, of Bodie, has in store and is in constant receipt of carpets, oilcloths, baskets, toys and fancy goods, all of which are for sale at prices to suit the times.

Siegel, of Bodie, is closing out his business at low prices for cash. His stock consists of the best of tobaccos, cigars, pipes, playing cards, cutlery and fancy articles.

## CURIOUS AND SCIENTIFIC.

WHEN traveling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head toward the engine will often cure a headache.

COMPRESSED paper doors are now made, and are said to be superior to iron or wood for staying the progress of fire.

COTTONWOOD lumber is said to be admirably adapted fof the manufacture of cases for packing dry goods. Millions of feet of this species of tree are converted into boxes every year in Ohio. As it readily imbibes moisture, and therefore swells, it is not well suited for house-building purposes.

SOME paper used for covering small articles of elegance by shop-keepers on the Continent of Europe, and especially in the West End of London, closely resembles satin. Ordinary paper covered with asbestus powder dyed to any desirable shade and properly fixed on with weak gum gives the satin effect.

SNAKES may be got rid of by a simple remedy. People rubbed with juniper seeds are perfectly secure from hurt by serpents. They may be driven away by burning hair, the sawdust of cedar, or a few drops of galbanum, green ivy, or juniper. A few drops of carbolic acid placed in the mouth of a snake instantly destroys it.

AMONG the notable bridges in the world is the one at Langang, China. It crosses an arm of the China Sea. This structure is some five miles long, and has not less than 300 arches. Over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion made out of a single block of marble and yet 21 feet long. The roadway of this bridge is 70 feet wide.

THE most valuable bristles used in brush-making are white, and the breed of hogs that produces them is every year growing scarcer. The best bristles come from Kamtschatka, the next in grade from Russia and Germany. They sometimes reach a length of nearly ten inches, and cost as high as $4.50 a pound. Nothing yet in use wholly takes the place of bristles.

AN Italian entomologist has been experimenting in the way of decapitating insects for the purpose of observing how long a head and trunk will continue to give evidence of life after the operation. He found that katydids will jump and their antennæ will move a long time after the head and body has been cut apart. The bodies of butterflies gave evidence of life for eighteen days after the operation, and he observed flies that would remain standing upon their legs, brushing and cleaning themselves with complete indifference to the facts that they had no heads.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

AN Indiana carp-raiser writes: As several persons have had the misfortune to lose their fish by smothering under the ice for want of an air-hole, I will here give a plan by which all that danger can be avoided, and costs but little. Dig a small trench under the bottom, or below the freezing line, extending out in the bank; lay in tile or pipe of some kind; then sink a hole or shaft down to the end of this pipe, and box or wall it up, and put a screen of some kind over the top to keep vermin or trash out. By this simple means you can always have air for your fish, as it will never freeze in the bottom of the shaft, unless you raise the water too near the top, which of course must be avoided. Our carp give us great satisfaction and not a little amusement.

AT a recent meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, M. Bouquet de la Grye examined his project for making Paris a seaport, the proposal being to construct a canal with a width at the bottom of twelve meters, as far as Poissy, for ocean vessels by a series of locks from Paris, and from Poissy to Villiers, where a vast port would be established. M. Simonin read M. Bouquet de la Grye's prospectus in the extreme. His [illegible] estimate of 3,000,000,000 of [illegible] would certainly be exceeded. The locks and quays works would require a [illegible] and the pretended economy [illegible] derived from the absence of [illegible] of cargoes would be far [illegible] balanced by the expenses incurred in transit between [illegible] and Paris.

## PITH AND POINT.

"I HAVE a bright prospect before me," said the loafer. "You always will have," remarked Fogg; "I don't think you will ever catch up to it."—*Boston Transcript.*

A YOUNG blood, afflicted with a horrible stutter, enters an English pharmacy. "I wa-wa-want," says he, "some p-p-p-pills of ip-ip-ip-ip—" "Hurrah!" cries the impatient clerk, and the blood flies.

"I DECLARE!" exclaimed Mrs. Tidnice, 'I never saw a girl like our Sarah Jane. I worked almost two hull days on her new bathin' dress, and don't you think, she got it wringin' wet the fust time she put it on!"

ELDERLY philanthropist, to small boy, who is vainly striving to pull a door-bell above his reach: "Let me help you, my little man." (Pulls the bell.) Small boy—"Now you had better run, or we'll both get a licking!"

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS made it a rule to be on time to a minute, and in this way he lost hundreds of valuable hours waiting for other people. A man who has been waited for is always more welcome.—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN exchange sighs for the good old days when they "blew a horn for dinner." The exchange can have all that it wants, but for us a little iced tea, chicken and vegetables fit the complexion better.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

THERE are some girls so awfully nice that they will not dance with a fellow in a ball-room if his hair sticks up on the back of his head. The same girl may be seen at the age of 31 looking in seven different directions for a husband.

FATHER to his from-the-university-back-returning-son—"Well, thou hast, of course, no debts?" Son—"Three thousand marks." Father—"What! 3,000 marks?" Son—"Well, art thou not proud that thy son so great a credit hath?"—*Translated from the Omnibus.*

"I DON'T want no rubbish, no fine sentiments, if you please," said the widow who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be simple. Something like this: 'William Johnson, aged 75 years. The good die young.'"

## COULDN'T SLAP HIM.

On a railway train, just behind s[illegible] dandified-looking wo[illegible] man, accompanied by a noisy boy, s[illegible] two fashionably-dressed ladies. T[illegible] boy was given to asking all kinds [illegible] questions and occasionally [illegible] vented whines like a cub bear and t[illegible] ins[illegible] ired and fret.

"If I had hold of him for a minut[illegible] I'd make him tell he couldn't stan[illegible] p," said one of the ladies.

"Here then," replied the mother [illegible] lady, "you may take hold of him [illegible] you want to slap him, slap him. [illegible] the heart to do it."

"Excuse me," faltered the annoy[illegible] lady. "I did not think that you cou[illegible] any remark."

"Oh, no harm done, for I know I'[illegible] cross enough to annoy any one, a[illegible] now seems strange to you that I do n[illegible] slap him, but I can't. Once I had [illegible] by that I stopped. Every ti[illegible] I think of his questions or whi[illegible] I slap him I was determined t[illegible] slap him up right by, so that I would [illegible] him every day. He was the idol o[illegible] life, and I did so much want to se[illegible] respected. Everybody said that [illegible] a model teacher, and that by so [illegible] would be a great man, and I was so [illegible] ered by those remarks that I we[illegible] more strict than ever with him [illegible] might just after I put him to be[illegible] any cause, and while we were [illegible] ding the little fellow awoke and be[illegible] to cry. I told him to hush, and [illegible] then I found that he did not intend t[illegible] boy me, I went to the bed and [illegible] asked him. 'That's what I call dis[illegible] pline,' one of the company remarked [illegible] and I assure you that in after years [illegible] will not regret the strict measu[illegible] which you have adopted.'

"The next morning my little boy was [illegible] sick to get up, and all day he lay [illegible] ed. At night I sent for a physician [illegible] before morning he was dead. [illegible] don't think that there was a more [illegible] made woman in the world. I took [illegible] his little boots—boots which a few [illegible] days before I had whipped him for [illegible] getting muddy—and I put them on [illegible] bureau. I could not bear to live in the [illegible] house where both my husband [illegible] and little boy had died, and I moved away. One evening while walking [illegible] along a lonely street, I saw a little boy [illegible] —a very small boy—standing alone [illegible] some tall weeds. I asked him where [illegible] he lived and he plucked a blossom and [illegible] held it out to me. I asked him where [illegible] was his mother and father, and, with [illegible] curious intelligence, he replied that [illegible] some big men took them away in boxes. [illegible] I knew then that he was a waif, and I [illegible] took him home with me. In the night [illegible] he cried, and I got up and sat by the [illegible] fire with him and rocked him. He was [illegible] very delicate, but he was a light that [illegible] shone on my withering soul. This is [illegible] the child, and he's wearing the little [illegible] boots that I put on the bureau. You [illegible] may slap him, but I can't."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

### The Sixth Sense.

The divining rod is only another exemplification of the existence of a power not yet recognized. With a piece of witch hazel I discovered the coal mines which bear that name. I told the number of feet a shaft had to be sunk in order to reach the coal, and even gave the thickness of the vein. Yet people say there is nothing in it, and that the divining rod is a superstition. If I have an idea that brings me in money, then the public pronounce it a good one. Money is the foundation upon which people base their declaration. I got $5,000 for locating the Witch Hazel mine, and am paid beside twelve and a half cents for every ton of coal taken out of them. Superintendent Whitelaw, of the water-works, did not credit my ability to locate water pipe. He came to my residence one evening, and I went with him through several streets, and with the aid of the divining rod told him exactly where the pipes were located. I offered to make a map of all the pipes in the city, giving their connections and branches. Finally, he asked me to go with him to the public square. I traced several pipes for him there, when he asked me to find the big one. I not only found it, but told him how far it was below the surface of the earth. I have a letter in my possession from Mr. Whitelaw verifying my experiments. I once went to the residence of a noted scientist in Philadelphia, where I made another test of the power of the divining rod. I walked across his library floor and traced a pipe. He said I was mistaken, as there were no pipes of any description beneath the floor. I insisted that there was one at least, and told him I should be compelled to leave his house with the firm conviction that he was wrong and I was right.

Finally he made an examination in the cellar beneath, and discovered a tin pipe fifteen inches beneath the floor, the existence of which he had forgotten. The divining rod shows the superiority of mind over manner; I stand over a vein of iron ore, and the rod turns. My sixth sense realizes the presence of the mineral, and the realization moves the switch. Here is a feeling that must sooner or later be recognized. Men by fraud or superstition, but I know that I know. I know that the switch turns when I walk above a metal; that is indisputable, and to me satisfactory. The same sense comes into play when people dream of certain things which are happening to friends, or are about to. I prove the correctness of my theories to men. They say yes, and look mystified. If I catch them in public they throw their heads back and decline to believe, simply because they are fearful of their friends' ridicule. But the time is coming when all must believe.—*Charles Latimer, in Cleveland Leader.*

TYPE METAL.—For sale at this office.


"ALLIGATORS," writes Dr. Henshall to the *Forest and Stream*, "may be partially tamed." This statement cannot induce us to attempt the domestications of alligators, however. It is the part that cannot be tamed that would likely to chew you up sometime when you're not looking.

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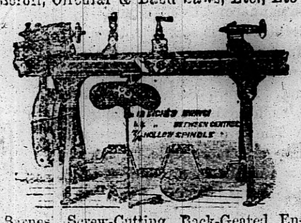

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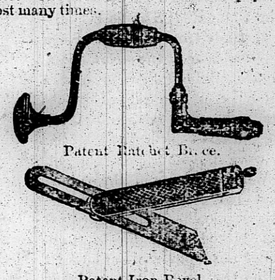

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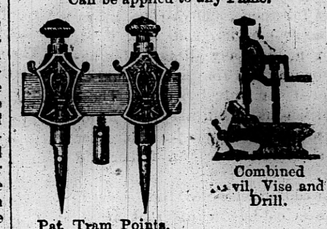

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### EAST WALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Buggy team | $1 00 |
| Loaded wagon and two animals | 1 00 |
| Each additional pair of animals | 50 |
| Horseman | 25 |
| Pack animals, each | 25 |
| Hogs and sheep, each | 5 |
| Loose stock, each | 5 |
| Empty teams, half-price. | |

### BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL ROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD

are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Buggy team | $1 50 |
| Loaded wagon and two animals | 1 00 |
| Each additional pair of animals | 50 |
| Horseman | 25 |
| Pack Animals, each | 25 |
| Hogs and sheep, each | 5 |
| Loose stock, each | 5 |
| Empty teams half-price. | |

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.

All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.

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Remember that procrastination is the thief of time so

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It matters not what your troubles may be, come and let the Doctor examine your case. It will cost you nothing for consultation, so please call and satisfy yourselves whether the Doctor understands your case. If he can cure you he will tell you so; if not, he will tell you that, for he will not undertake a case unless he is confident of effecting a cure.

Parties at a distance wishing treatment, by sending $25 and a minute description of their troubles will receive in return a full course of treatment securely packed so as not to excite curiosity.

DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars for every case of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails cure.

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# THE UNION.

NOVEMBER 8, 1884.


### Love's Quandary.

I move in an orbit of maidens,
A fair little circle of wiles,
And each is distinct from the others,
And yet all are alike in their smiles.

They are beautiful, too, and endearing,
And one is a model of grace,
And one is a statue of Patience,
And one is a dancer to praise;

And one is a fairy of fashion,
And one is a bonny wee pet,
And one is a siren of singing,
And one is a laughing brunet.

And I've puzzled me long to determine
Which of all is most fit for a wife;
But the labor is out of my station,
I cannot devine for my life.

Alas, for the fortune that's human,
Each one seems to hold me at call;
O I wish that I were a Mormon,
For then I might marry them all!

### HOME DECORATIONS.

A PRETTY mat, intended for the top of a table, is made of drab felt. The edge is cut in sharp points; between these points are placed soft little tassels made of high-colored crewell. The border of the mat is made by working with gay embroidery silks any pattern which suits the fancy of the maker. The old-fashioned cross-stitch, or some modification of the feather-stich, is pretty.

A PRETTY chair-back is made of an antique lace stripe put over silk. Have the lace in the center and on the silk stripes of the same width at each side; embroider a pretty vine. This is lovely, made of the lace and blue silk, with sprays of small pink buds, or of cardinal satin with daisies and butter-cups embroidered on it. The top is turned down and hemmed, and the botton may be finished with lace, or be made in points with a tassel on each point.

A HANDSOME panel for the wall is made of a strip of black satin 15 inches long and 7 inches wide. On this is embroidered in silk a bunch of pinks. The top and bottom of the panel are finished with bands of scarlet plush, about two inches wide. A brass wire is fastened to the top, and a silk cord to hang it by. On the bottom are fine silk balls of various shades of red. The panel should be lined with some material of sufficient body to keep it smooth. Another elegant panel is made of pale blue satin or plush, with a bird and its nest painted on it in water colors.

TABLE-COVER.—Take sixteen blocks of cretonne one quarter square. Arrange them so there will be a landscape on each of the four corners. In putting the blocks together lay one edge over the other and sew. Line with Turkey-red cotton. Put black dress braid down each seam and across, also around the side of border next to blocks. Sew firm on each side of braid, feather-stitch braid with shaded yellow, red and green embroidery silk. Finish the lower edge of border with narrow ball fringe. This makes a lovely cover for most anything, and can be made smaller if desired.

A TOILET set, which is very pretty and tasteful for a birthday gift, is made of blue satin. The set consists of a pin-cushion and two mats; line the mats with blue silesia, and trim the edge with Valenciennes lace; on one mat work in outline-stich a small horseshoe; work this with olive and pink embroidery silks. Do not put the horseshoe in the center of the mat, but at one side. The words "Good Luck" should be worked in the rim of the horseshoe. The other mat may be prettily ornamented by embroidering a fan on it. The cushion should have the monogram of the owner on it, and at each corner put a satin bow, and a frill of lace around the edge of the cushion.

### A Tragedy That Made a Cemetery.

The Baltimore Green Mountain cemetery has a most romantic history. Fifty years ago it was the happy home of the Oliver family, which consisted of the father and two children, son and daughter. The daughter, who was a beautiful girl, had many suitors, but to all did she say nay, save one, a poor young man of whom her father disapproved, and whom he had forbidden her to see. He had also taken an oath that if he caught the young man on the grounds he would shoot him. But true love not only laughs at bolts and bars, but at shotguns as well. One evening the young lady, having agreed to meet her lover at the foot of the lane, donned a suit of her brother's clothes, hoping thereby to escape detection, and sallied forth. Her keen-eyed father caught sight of her as she marched boldly along, and thinking he recognized in the trespasser the young man who had been forbidden the grounds, raised his gun and fired. The feminine shriek which pierced the air revealed to him what he had done. His daughter was dead before he reached her side, and from that day the wretched father became a wanderer upon the face of the earth. He took his son and went abroad, leaving his property in the hands of an agent with orders to sell the homestead for a cemetery. In a short time the city purchased the grounds, and the body of the murdered girl was the first one to be buried there. — *Correspondence Cleveland Leader.*

### A DOUBLE-ROOF HOTEL.

The railway hotel at Yuma, A. T., is constructed with a double roof, a delightful feature in hot countries, as it permits the free circulation of the air between the two, a great advantage for rooms in the upper story, as they are thus protected from the direct rays of the sun. The space between the two roofs is filled in with lattice work, the upper roof extending out so as to form the roof for the upper veranda as well and projecting five or six feet even beyond that. The verandas are also very wide, ranging from ten to fifteen feet which, together with the projecting roof, keep the sun from strikng the side walls of the house, which thus escape becoming superheated. These precautions are necessary in this land of fervid heat; but with them a house may be made extremely comfortable.—*Cor Buffalo Courier.*

## MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

**How the Bride Is Delivered to the Groom, and How He Makes Her His Wife.**

[From the New York Sun.]

On the wedding day the guests assemble in the bridegroom's house. Then a procession is formed, consisting of friends, bands of music and sedan chairs decorated in red and gold, with bearers in red coats, and dressed in a sort of of livery, sometimes wearing red caps. The procession starts from the house with a courier at the head. He bears a large piece of pork on a tray, to keep off malicious demons who may be lurking on the street corners and in the alleys. These demons are supposed to tackle the pork, and while they are thus busied the procession passes on without being affected by their evil influence. All this time the bride is at her own house arraying herself in her best dress and richest jewels. Her hair is bound up and arranged in due form by a skilled matron. After this her headdress is donned. It usually consists of some rich material sprinkled with ornaments. A large mantle is then thrown over her. It completely covers her. Last of all an enormous hat, as large an umbrella, is placed on her head. It comes down to her shoulders, completely hiding her face. Thus rigged, she takes her seat in the red gilt marriage chair, called *kwa kiou.* When concealed in this chair she is carried to her husband by four men.

When the bride is seated in the chair, her mother or some other relative locks the door and the key is given to the best man. I suppose he turns it over to the bridegroom on reaching his house. The procession returns with more care and more style. I saw one during a ramble in a Chinese town. As the bride was borne past us we gave her three cheers. I dare say that all her children will be either knock-kneed or bow-legged, because of the cheers of the barbarians. Good luck to the poor bottled-up one. She had the best wishes of all our party, as we followed the procession for some squares, to the great astonishment of all the Chinamen on the street.

As the procession approached the bridegroom's door a band stationed there struck up a tune and firecrackers were let off by the box until the bride was within the gate. The go-between then got the key from the bridegroom and opened the door of the sedan chair. As the bride alighted she was saluted by a small child at the side of the old man. The groom was closeted within the house, and she went in to seek him. She still wore the enormous hat and mantle. When she found the groom he greeted her with great gravity. They both approached the ancestral tablet and bowed their heads three times. They next took seats at a small table bearing two goblets tied together with thread and containing wine. The go-between severed the thread, but the bride failed to quench her thirst, owing to the enormous hat and mantle.

The two were now man and wife. The husband took the hat and mantle from the bride, and for the first time in his life had a look at her. After he had looked at her for some minutes, he called in his friends and guests. They scrutinized her and made no bones of expressing their opinions concerning her charms. The females gave their tongues full scope, and had no mercy upon the poor bride. She took it all without making any disagreeable answer, for fear that the match would be considered an unlucky one. These cruel criticisms ended, she was introduced to her husband's parents, after which she saluted her own father and mother.

The wedding feast was then served, the sexes eating in different apartments. The males were served by the bridegroom and his male relatives, and the females by the bride and her mother-in-law, assisted by servants. The two sexes rarely sit down at the same table.

Marriage is very common among the Chinese. You hardly ever come across a girl of 16 or 18 who is not tied down to some man. If a woman commits adultery after marriage she is decapitated under the law. The man, however, is allowed to keep as many concubines as he can support, their children being legitimate, but coming after the children of the wife. If the concubines live under the same roof, they are mere servants of the wife. Some rich married men keep concubines in separate apartments. Such positions are eagerly sought by damsels of very fair parentage.

### Greek and Latin.

President Robinson, of Brown University, writes in his report to the corporation: "Years and years of closest study are given to other tongues, both ancient and modern, tongues which only a fraction of educated men are expected to use in after life, while only incidental and comparatively superficial attention is given to that mother tongue which all are compelled to use in speech or in writing every day of their lives, and on a skillful use of which with many depend to no small degree their success or failure in life. The fact cannot be disguished that many an excellent Latin and Greek scholar writes wretched English, while admirable English is written by many who know neither Latin nor Greek.

A CLERGYMAN who, nearly five years ago, was paid $10,000 a year by a Brooklyn church, is loafing around the seashore resorts of the Connectient coast, habitually drunk.

## HE WANTED TO WRITE FOR THE PAPER.

Cincinnati *Saturday Night:* "I want to write for your paper," said a solemn-looking man, as he paused on the threshold of the editorial sanctum.

"That's right," replied the editor, without looking up from his work, for it was publication day and there was a stern demand for copy that could not be denied. "When you write for it, be particular and give your name and post-office address distinctly."

"I will," said the solemn man, stepping in and taking a chair.

"And don't forget to inclose the money. Some folks write for the paper and forget to put in any money. Then they complain because the paper doesn't come."

"Do you want money when a man writes for your paper?" asked the solemn man, as his face acquired an additional elongation.

"Of course. What d'ye think we print a paper for? Fun? Not much. If a man writes for a paper we suppose he wants it, and if he wants it he must pay for it."

"You don't understand," said the solemn man; "what I want is to write for your paper."

"That's what you said before, and I told you how to do it," replied the editor, testily swinging around in his chair. "Though I can't see why you can't subscribe right here now, just as well's to wait until you get home and then write for it. Though maybe you haven't the necessary $2 with you. I respect your independence. You don't want to subscribe for a paper you are not prepared to pay for. That's right."

"But if I write for it—"

"If you write for it and inclose the money it will be sent promptly. No fear of that. Subscribers will confer a favor on this office by reporting any carelessness or irregularity on the part of their Postmaster in delivering the paper."

"I can put a great deal into a letter," insinuated the solemn man.

"Needn't put more than $2 in," said the editor, unless you get up a club. Usual reduction to clubs."

"I fear you don't comprehend me," said the man of solemn visage. "I want to write for your paper—write articles and correspondence, you know, for a remuneration."

"Oh, that's it. Why didn't you say so before? Thought you wanted to subscribe. Seemed sort o' curious, too, that you couldn't write for my paper to be sent without coming in and telling me about it."

"You will like my letters."

"Can't say as to that. The most interesting letters the editor gets, as a rule, are these short, pithy ones which simply say, 'Inclosed please find subscription price to your valuable paper for one year.' That outweighs a dozen pages of 'Reflections on the Dying Year,' or 'Thoughts on Discovering the First June Bug.' A great many people want to write for the paper who have nothing half so interesting to say as that they find their subscription has about expired and here is the money for renewing it. That is neat and to the point, and no editor will throw the letter into the waste basket—without first taking out the money and duly crediting the subscriber on his account. Write for the paper, my friend, by all means, but don't forget the inclosure."

Then the solemn man went away more thoughtful than before.

### FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A POUND.

In his last letter to the Atlanta *Constitution* "Bill Arp" says,

As a general thing the girls show too much anxiety to marry. They are too sweet on the boys. They ought to stand off and look reserved and precious and put on Jerusalem airs and say, "Young man you don't know who you are fooling with. I'm a treasure, I am. I weigh 115 pounds and am worth $1,000 a pound." Well, they are. A good, nice, healthy girl who can make her own dress and get up a good supper for company and is not ashamed to wait on table while they are eating is just worth about $1,000 a pound. But that is nothing compared to what they will be worth. Why, Mrs. Arp has just got out and made up at least 2,000 garments of one sort or another. She has sewed 500,000 stitches, and patched and darned, and washed faces and feet and combed hair innumerable. She has tied 500 sore toes and cut fingers and burns and bruises and kissed away a thousand tears. She has watched 'em by night and by day, and keeps on watching; and right now, while I am writing on my piazza, she is looking away up the big road, and says: "I'm afraid something will happen to them boys; they are too little to go on by themselves." There are two little nephews here just out of school, and they and Carl have all got a horse or a colt apiece and have gone off on a "scursion," and I call 'em the infantry cavalry and tell Mrs. Arp it is all right, but she sits there sewing with her specks on and ever and anon looks up the road and says, "Those children have overstayed their time. I'm afraid something has happened." If they don't come back soon I know that I will have to start after 'em, for that is always the way. Mrs. Arp is worth at least $5,000 a pound, and she weighs right smart and keeps a getting heavier. I am rich, I am. I feel wealthy whenever I look at her.


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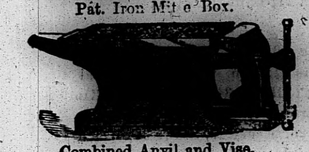

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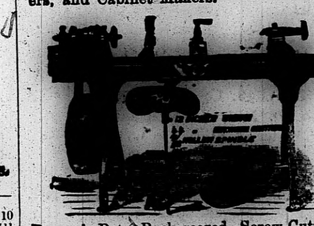

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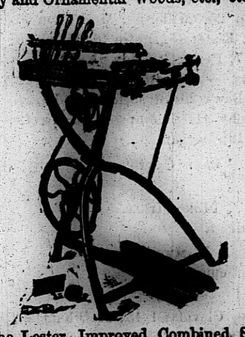

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One bottle of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of diarrhea of six weeks standing.
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MRS. JANE BLOWEY.

Greenfield, Mason Valley, June 10.
Four bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of pains in the stomach of six years' standing.
MRS. JAMES ERWAY.

Reno, April 26, 1884.
Dr. Kerr's Asthma Cure cured my daughter of pneumonia. I use it for coughs and colds and have always found it very effective.
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I have been cured of hoarseness of three months' standing through the use of Doctor Kerr's Asthma Cure, when I thought I had lost my voice entirely. MRS. MARIA COOK.

Fourteen bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of Asthma of four years' standing, Mrs. A., Nevada, No. 129 Folsom street, San Francisco. Four bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of pneumonia, Mrs. Annie Cuneo, 309 and 311 Broadway. Eighteen bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of hemorrhage of the lungs. Wm. Hodgett Collector of California Steam Navigation Co. Two bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of a terrible cough of sixteen months' standing. J. W. Crawford, wharfinger at Folsom street wharf. Redington & Co say that Kerr's Asthma Cure sells readily on its merits, more so than remedy they ever handled for coughs, colds, throat and lung affections and gives universal satisfaction. Two bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured my two children of pneumonia. D. M. Walker, Wilkes Station near Bridgeport, Mono county, Cal. One bottle of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of sore throat, swollen glands and the worst cold I ever had. Billy Cruddock, Bodie, Cal. One bottle of Kerr's Asthma Cure cured me of the worst cough that a man ever had. J. H. Hiskie, Deputy County Treasurer, Hawthorne, Nev. Dr. E. E. Wilson, No. 928 Sutter street, San Francisco, says Kerr's Asthma Cure does all that it claims to do; I prescribe it to all my patients for it claims to cure, and I find it perfection. Dr. R. Lindsay, 1008 Clay street, says I use Kerr's Asthma Cure very extensively among my patients; it proves effective every time. Dr. N. S. Thompson, Proprietor of Marine Drug store, corner Steuart and Market streets, says, I sell hundreds of bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure and use it most extensively in my practice and find it the most efficient remedy I ever used, and recommend it to the world at large. Dr. Mayhew, 114 Fourth street, S. F., says, we sell grosses of Dr. Kerr's Asthma Cure in my four drug stores; it has a greater sale than all other patent medicines combined. Dr. A. A. Zabaldano, corner Pacific and Stockton streets, S. F., says, Kerr's Asthma Cure does all that is claimed for it, or I have a great run for it in my drug store, and recommend it to all my customers. Dr. G. H. Tolman says, I use hundreds of bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure in my practice, and find it the most effectual medicine that ever used or came into my drug store 909 Stockton str., S. F. Dr. Wm. Ede, 8 Clay street, S. F., says, Kerr's Asthma Cure is a wonder of the Nineteenth Century. I recommend it to thousands because it cured my wife of consumption of six years' standing. Drs. Fox and Straub, corner Filbert and Fillmore streets, S. F., says, we recommend Dr. Kerr's Asthma Cure in all our practice and to all our friends and acquaintances.

Drs. Wobber & Bro., corner of Lombard & Powell streets, S. F., say, Kerr's Asthma Cure did a sister of ours of bronchitas of 22 years' standing, and we recommend it above all other medicines that come into our drug store, and use it very extensively in our practice; it does all that are claimed and more too; we have cured severe cases of dyspepsia with it. H. H. Moore & Son, Stockton, the leading druggists and chemists, outside of San Francisco, and manufacturers of Threbble H. Horse Liniment, says, Kerr's Asthma Cure sells on its virtues, we sell grosses and ship to all parts of the world; it is the greatest discovery in medicine; it acts on disease on an entirely different principle from others. Thousands are ready and willing to testify that three doses have done them more good than all the medicine they ever used. Osborn & Shoemaker, the leading druggists of Reno, Nev., say they tell dozens of bottles of Kerr's Asthma Cure to a bottle of any other they have; it pleases all and satisfaction is given.

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